Bell's Edition.

CYMBELINE,

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal *SHAKSPERE* rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

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LONDON:

WILL SHAKSPERE:

A CRITICISM.

Yale College

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF

CYMBELINE.

MR. POPE supposed the story of this play to have been borrow'd from a novel of Boccace; but he was mistaken, as an imitation of it is found in an old story-book entitled, *Westward for Smelts.* This imitation differs in as many particulars from the Italian novelist, as from Shakspere, though they concur in the more considerable parts of the fable. It was published in a quarto pamphlet 1603. This is the only copy of it which I have hitherto seen.

There is a late entry of it in the books of the Stationers' Company, Jan. 1619, where it is said to have been written by *Kitt of Kingston.* STEEVENS.

This play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expence of much incongruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names, and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation. JOHNSON.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

CYMBELINE, *King of Britain.*
CLOTEN, *Son to the Queen by a former Husband.*
LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, *a Gentleman married to the Princess.*

BELARIUS, *a banished Lord, disguised under the Name of Morgan.*

GUIDERIUS, } *disguised under the Names of Polydore and*
ARVIRAGUS, } *Cadwal, supposed Sons to Belarius.*
PHILARIO, *an Italian, Friend to Posthumus.*
IACHIMO, *Friend to Philario.*
CAIUS LUCIUS, *Ambassador from Rome.*
PISANIO, *Servant to Posthumus.*
A French Gentleman.
CORNELIUS, *a Physician.*
Two Gentlemen.

WOMEN.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.
IMOGEN, *Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.*
HELEN, *Woman to Imogen.*

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, a Tribune, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *sometimes in Britain; sometimes in Italy.*

CYMBELINE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

CYMBELINE's *Palace in Britain.* *Enter two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gentleman.*

You do not meet a man, but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers',
Still seem, as does the king's.

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son (a widow,
That late he married), hath refer'd herself
Unto a poor, but worthy gentleman: She's wedded:
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the king?

1 *Gent.* He, that hath lost her, too: so is the queen,
That most desir'd the match: But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her
(I mean, that marry'd her—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish'd), is a creature such,
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far.

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2 *Gent.* What's his name, and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: His father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success;
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons; who, in the wars o'the time,

Dy'd with their swords in hand: for which, their
father
(Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
Puts to him all the learning that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and
In his spring became a harvest: Liv'd in court
(Which rare it is to do), most prais'd, most lov'd:
A sample to the youngest; to the more mature,
A glass that featur'd them; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd—her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?

1 *Gent.* His only child.
He had two sons (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it), the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen; and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.
2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so convey'd!
So slackly guarded! And the search so slow,
That could not trace them!
1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.
2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.
1 *Gent.* We must forbear: Here comes the gentleman,
The queen, and princess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, IMOGEN, *and Attendants.*

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post.

Post. Please your highness.
I will from hence to-day.
Queen. You know the peril :——
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [*Exit.*
Imo. O dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing
(Always reserv'd my holy duty), what
His rage can do on me: You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.
Post. My queen! my mistress!
O, lady, weep no more; lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one Philario's;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter; thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not

How

How much of his displeasure :—Yet I'll move him
[*Aside.*
To walk this way : I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*
Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The lothness to depart would grow : Adieu!
Imo. Nay, stay a little :
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's : take it, heart;
But keep it 'till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.
Post. How! how! another?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death!—Remain, remain thou here
[*Putting on the Ring.*
While sense can keep it on! And sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To you so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
I still win of you : For my sake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
[*Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.*
Upon this fairest prisoner.
Imo. O, the gods!——
When shall we see again?

Enter

Enter CYMBELINE, *and Lords.*

Post. Alack, the king!
Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my
sight!
If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou dy'st: Away!
Thou art poison to my blood.
Post. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [*Exit.*
Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.
Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth; thou heapest
A year's age on me!
Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation; I
Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.
Cym. Past grace? obedience?
Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past
grace.
Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my
queen!
Imo. O blest, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.
Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made
my throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo.

Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.
Cym. O thou vile one!
Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus:
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is
A man, worth any woman; over-buys me
Almost the sum he pays.
Cym. What!—art thou mad?
Imo. Almost, sir: Heaven restore me!—Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter! and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!
They were again together: you have done
[*To the Queen.*
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.
Queen. Beseech your patience:—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace;—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.
Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fie!—you must give way:
Here is your servant.—How now, sir, what news?
Pis. My lord, your son drew on my master.
Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?
Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.
Queen. I am very glad on't.
Imo. Your son's my father's friend: he takes his part——
To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!——
I would they were in Africk both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back. Why came you from your master?
Pis. On his command: He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleas'd you to employ me.
Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.
Pis. I humbly thank your highness.
Queen. Pray, walk a while.
Imo. About some half hour hence, pray you, speak with me:

You shall, at least, go see my lord aboard:
For this time, leave me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter CLOTEN, *and two Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Sir I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice: Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clot. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—— Have I hurt him?

2 *Lord.* No, faith; not so much as his patience. [*Aside.*

1 *Lord.* Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a thorough-fare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* His steel was in debt; it went o' the back-side the town. [*Aside.*

Clot. The villain would not stand me.

2 *Lord.* No; but he fled forward still, toward your face. [*Aside.*

1 *Lord.* Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

2 *Lord.* As many inches as you have oceans: Puppies! [*Aside.*

Clot. I would, they had not come between us.

2 *Lord.*

2 *Lord.* So would I, 'till you had measur'd how long a fool you were upon the ground. [*Aside.*

Clot. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2 *Lord.* If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd. [*Aside.*

1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 *Lord.* She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [*Aside.*

Clot. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there had been some hurt done!

2 *Lord.* I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [*Aside.*

Clot. You'll go with us?

1 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

Clot. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 *Lord.* Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

IMOGEN'S *Apartments.* *Enter* IMOGEN, *and* PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last

That he spake to thee?

Pis. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen!*

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye, or ear,
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd them, but
To look upon him; 'till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him, 'till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,

Such

Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear,
The she's of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.—
I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Rome. An Apartment in PHILARIO'S *House. Enter* PHILARIO, IACHIMO, *and a Frenchman.*

Iach. Believe it, sir: I have seen him in Britain; he was then of a crescent note: expected to prove so worthy, as since he has been allowed the name of: but I could then have look'd on him without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endow-

ments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd, than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter (wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her value, than his own), words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. Ay, and the approbations of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life!—

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he

is,

is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my very action to be guided by other's experiences, but, upon my mended judgment (if I offend not to say it is mended), my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think; 'twas a contention in publick, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation), his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-

qualified,

qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provok'd as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison), had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Brittany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of your's outlustres many I have beheld, I could not believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach.

Iach. You may wear her in title your's: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, of your brace of unprisable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last. 403

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a courtier, to convince the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first. 412

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress: make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereupon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'er-values it something: But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world. 423

Post. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a punishment too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted. 432

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you chuse to assail?

Iach. Your's; who in constancy you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of her's, which you imagine so reserv'd.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it. 443

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a milllion a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear. 451

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond 'till your return:—Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phil.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one:—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are your's; so is your diamond too: If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are your's;—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced (you not making it appear otherwise), for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt* POST. *and* IACH.

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

CYMBELINE's *Palace.* *Enter* *Queen, Ladies, and* CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;
Make haste: who has the note of them?
1 *Lady.* I, madam.
Queen. Dispatch.— [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Now, master doctor; have you brought those drugs?
Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam:
But I beseech your grace (without offence;
My conscience bids me ask), wherefore you have
Commanded of me those most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly?
Queen. I wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so,
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded
(Unless thou think'st me devilish), is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging (but none human),
To try the vigour of them, and apply

Allayments

Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.——

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him [*Aside.*
Will I first work: he's for his master,
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm. [*Aside.*

Queen. Hark thee, a word.—— [*To* PISANIO.

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth think, she has
Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature: Those, she has,
Will stupify and dull the sense a while:
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and dogs;
Then afterward up higher: but there is
No danger in what shew of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,

Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
[*Exit* PISANIO.
Think on my words.—A sly and constant knave;
Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master;
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that,
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of leigers for her sweet; and which she, after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

Re-enter PISANIO, *and Ladies.*

To taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well done:
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet:—Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen, and Ladies.*
Pis. And shall do:
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

IMOGEN's *Apartment.* *Enter* IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,

That hath her husband banish'd ;—O, that husband !
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious: Blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO, *and* IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my lord with letters.
Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety.
And greets your highness dearly. [*Gives a Letter.*
Imo. Thanks, good sir;
You are kindly welcome.
Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare, [*Aside.*
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

IMOGEN *reads.*

—— *He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust.*

LEONATUS.

So

The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well:—'Beseech you, sir, [*To* PISANIO.
Desire my man's abode where I did leave him:
He's strange, and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome.

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, 'beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean) laughs from's free lungs, cries, *O!*
Can my sides hold, to think, that man—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be—will his free hours languish

For

Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike:—What ho, Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all.——What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
The credit that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit!—Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: And he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him:
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,

Most

Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour, keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Bed-Chamber; in one Part of it a Trunk. IMOGEN *reading in her Bed; a Lady attending.*

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:—
Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit Lady.*

To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech you! [*Sleeps.*

[IACHIMO, *from the Trunk.*

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clot. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clot. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad,
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity
(To accuse myself), I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make't my boast.

Clot. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court), it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties
(Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by

I must die much your debtor.

Phil. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do his commission thoroughly: And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be),
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline
(Now mingled with their courages) will make known
To their approvers, they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phil. See! Iachimo!

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phil. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady

Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make it apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is your's: If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber
(Where, I confess, I slept not; but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching), It was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride: A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value; which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was——

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. Sir (I thank her) that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me,
And said, she priz'd it once.
Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.
Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?
Post. O, no, no, no! 'tis true. Here, take this too; [*Gives the Ring.*
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't;—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man: The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing:—
O, above measure false!
Phil. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her.
Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by't:—Back my ring;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.
Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.
Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am sure,

A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought
her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow:—O, all the devils;—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour——was't not?— 501
Or less—at first: Perchance he spoke not; but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cry'd, *oh!* and mounted: found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: Be't lying, note it, 509
The woman's; flattering, her's; deceiving, her's;
Lust and rank thoughts, her's, her's; revenges, her's;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
Why, her's, in part, or all; but, rather, all:
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them:—Yet 'tis greater skill 520
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*

ACT

Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? *Do't: The letter*
[Reading.
That I have sent her, by her own command,
Shall give thee opportunity:——O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble!
Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open.——You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content—yet not,
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him!
(Some griefs are medicinable; that is one of them,
For it doth physic love)—of his content,
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—Blest be,
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;

Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods!

[Reading.

Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominions, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: What your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,

Leonatus Posthumus.

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st—
O, let me 'bate—but not like me:—yet long'st—
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine's beyond, beyond), say, and speak thick
(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense), how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
To inherit such a haven: But, first of all,
How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going

'Till

The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame, and honour; which dies i' the search;
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
Must curt'sy at the censure:—O, boys, this story
The world may read in me: My body's mark'd
With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: Then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Guid. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans: so,
Follow'd my banishment; and, these twenty years,
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world:
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; pay'd
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains;
This is not hunters' language: He, that strikes

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.
Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit
('Tis in my cloke-bag), doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: Would you in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy (which you'll make him
know,
If that his head have ear in musick), doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supplyment.
Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away:
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us: This attempt
I am soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.
Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewel:
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen;
What's in't is precious: if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.——To some shade,

So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter the Servant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Serv. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which I fear,
Prove false! [*Exit.*

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clot. That man of her's, Pisanio her old servant,
I have not seen these two days. [*Exit.*

Queen. Go, look after.—
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!—
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus: Gone she is

To

Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads, where thank the gods, they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Guid. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But, that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us; Then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us?
Play judge, and executioner, all himself?
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. Though his honour
Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are out-laws, and in time
May make some stronger head; the which he hearing
(As it is like him), might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in: yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

But, soft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddesses!

[*Seeing the Body.*

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I dream;
For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: But 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear: But if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man!——The garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of his leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face——
Murder in heaven?—How?—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspir'd with that irregulous devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous!——Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters——damn'd Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top!—O, Posthumus! alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Ay me! where's that?

Pisanio

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on.—How should this be? Pisanio?
'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
Have lay'd this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!—
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord! my lord!

Enter LUCIUS, *Captains, &c. and a Soothsayer.*

Cap. To them, the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:
They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service; and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Syenna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,

What

What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's pur-
pose?
Sooth. Last night the very gods shew'd me a vi-
sion
(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence): Thus:—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spungy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sun-beams: which portends
(Unless my sins abuse my divination),
Success to the Roman host.
Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.——Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!——
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.
Cap. He is alive, my lord.
Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young
one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded: Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it, Who is it?
What art thou?
Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very

With honour to maintain.
1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolours turn'd?
Sici. Thy chrystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries.
Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.
Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help!
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.
2 *Broth.* Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

Jupiter descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting upon an Eagle: he throws a Thunder-Bolt. The Ghosts fall on their Knees.

Jupit. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush! — How dare you, ghosts,
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:

Re-enter Gaolers.

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cook'd.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot. 313

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir: But the comfort is, you shall be call'd to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink: sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty: the brain the heavier, for being too light; the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness: O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debitor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge:—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows. 328

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ach: But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

and gallowses! I speak against my present profit: but my wish hath a preferment in't. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

CYMBELINE's *Tent.* *Enter* CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, *and Lords.*

Cym. Stand by my side, you, whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stept before targe of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.
Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.
Cym. No tidings of him?
Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.
Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[*To* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.
By whom, I grant, she lives: 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are:—report it.

Bel.

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: Walk with me; speak freely.

[CYMBELINE *and* IMOGEN *walk aside.*

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arv. One sand another
Not more resembles: That sweet rosy lad,
Who dy'd, and was Fidele—What think you?

Guid. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear;
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Guid. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let's see further.

Pis. It is my mistress: [*Aside.*
Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad. [CYM. *and* IMO. *come forward.*

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, step you forth;

[*To* IACHIMO.

Give

He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: Whereat, I, wretch!
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By her's and mine adultery: he, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design: Well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with similar proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet
(O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon——
Methinks, I see him now——

Post. Ay, so thou do'st, [*Coming forward.*

Pis. How fares my mistress?
Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.
Cym. The tune of Imogen!
Pis. Lady, the gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.
Cym. New matter still?
Imo. It poison'd me.
Cor. O gods!——
I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: If Pisanio
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.
Cym. What's this, Cornelius?
Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?
Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.
Bel. My boys,
There was our error.——

Cym. Well,
My peace we will begin :—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire ; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen ;
On whom heaven's justice (both on her, and her's),
Hath lay'd most heavy hand.
Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd : For the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd : which fore-shew'd, our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.
Cym. Laud we the gods ;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars ! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward : Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together ; so through Lud's town march ;
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify ; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there :—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

A SONG,

A SONG, *sung by* GUIDERIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS *over* FIDELE, *supposed to be dead.*

By Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS.

1.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
Soft maids, and village hinds shall bring
Each op'ning sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

2.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove:
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

3.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

4.

The red-breast oft at ev'ning hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When

5.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or midst the chace on ev'ry plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

6.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd, 'till life could charm no more;
And mourn'd, 'till pity's self be dead.

THE END.

Act 3. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. *Scene I.*

Ramberg del.t

Mrs. ABINGTON in BEATRICE.

So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
is couched in the Woodbine Coverture.

London Printed for J. Bell British Library Strand Mar 10.th 1785

SCAENE

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Leon

Ellar

P. L. de Loutherbourg inv.t

Collyer sculp.t

Printed for J. Bell, British Library, Strand, London; Nov.r 16.th 1784.

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Cymbeline

London 1786

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